

NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand it to any postal employé, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors. No wrapping—no address. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

VOLUME 17

NUMBER 8

NOVEMBER, 1918

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
FOR THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE, 51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
5 CENTS A COPY

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES 75 CENTS BY THE YEAR 60 CENTS

ENTERED AT THE CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

CONTENTS

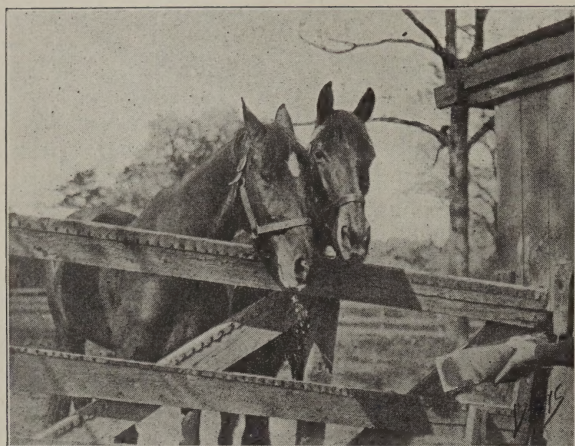
Lights and Shadows of Humane Work.....	2	Bungalow Notes	6
Stories for Old and Young	8	League News and Notes.....	10



Christmas is coming. We ask for small gifts of money, apples, carrots; for our fourfooted friends. We will gladly give Christmas dinners to as many horses, dogs and cats as we can find the way to help. Will you help us to help them?

A. H. S.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK



THE DRIVER'S PRAYER.

O Lord! To Thee I want to make my prayer;
My soul is troubled sore from day to day.
I've never had the chance to know Thee, Lord—
Nobody ever taught me how to pray,
So if my prayer is not as it should be,
Is not as padre prays on church parade,
Please pardon me; forgive what I've forgot,
For at Thy feet my naked soul is laid.

If in the roster kept by Thee above,
My name is next to cease this life fatigue
And I must fall in with my fallen pals,
A clean life's page behind I want to leave.
Grant that I die where bursting shrapnel sings
My team upon a gallop toward the foe,
And when my soul at last reports to Thee
Please let me take my horses where I go.

If it is true what our old padre says,
That there are horses in the land above,
Are there not some spare stalls to hold my two—
My black, my brown, the horses that I love?
They're only common field artillery plugs,
As I am just a common soldier man;
We've fought and starved together side by side—
I'd like to take them with me if I can.

I know my saddle black is pretty mean,
And kicks and bites at every one but me;
Still, when I'm with him he is always good—
Just let me bring him up for You to see.
He'd be ill treated if I left him here,
Be kicked and cursed and starved until he died.
Please can't I ride him through the golden streets,
The gentle old brown off-horse at his side?

They carried me on many a weary ride,
They've been my pals, my everlasting joy;
I've nursed them both when they were very sick,
And kept their harness burnished like a toy,

I've gone with them into the jaws of death,
Gunnery and drivers killed on every trip;
Their panting hides have dripped with mud and sweat—
My horses needed neither spurs or whip.

O Lord, if heaven has no stable room,
—With greatest reverence this I'd like to tell—
And if the fiery regions have some stalls,
Then let me ride my horses down in hell!
And when the grand, great, final roll-call comes,
To be the first upon parade we'll try;
O Lord of all, please grant my only prayer—
To take my horses with me when I die.

WILLIAM H. PARR.

The above poem made such a deep impression upon Mrs. B. L. Brereton, one of the directors of the Bridgeport, Conn., Animal Rescue League that she sent a letter of appreciation to the author, who is fighting with our boys in France.

We quote from a letter she received in reply the following extracts:

As you are evidently a lover of horses I will tell you where the idea of that poem came from. While serving in the Field Artillery with the famous 1st Canadian Division, I once heard one of my drivers express a wish that he would like to take his horses along with him if he was to "go west." The same shell killed the driver and both horses and as I am a Montana man, born and raised on a Montana cow outfit and knowing how a real man comes to love a real horse, I had him buried with a horse upon each side of him and they now lie sleeping up in the Ypres salient. The horses were named Friend and Foe.

I happen to be one of that band, cursed with the wanderlust and known to verse and prose as the Lost Legion and a letter is a great surprise to me, as I always burn my bridges behind me. I was in France from 1914 to 1917, got shot up pretty bad at Vimy and was sent home to Canada and discharged. Last year I again came out here with the United States Army, the first chance I have had of fighting for my own country although I have fought at times under four different flags. . . .

I do not know whether it is to the fair or sterner sex to whom I am indebted for that letter of appreciation but which ever it is, I sincerely thank you.

WILLIAM H. PARR.

Lieut. William H. Parr, F. A., U. S. R., 463rd
Aero Squadron, Zone of Advance, American
E. F.

Domestic Animals Under Fire.

A newspaper correspondent calls attention to the behaviour of animals—cows, calves, dogs, cats and poultry—suddenly turned adrift from their farms and subjected to the most terrific bombardment and the murderous fire of machine guns.

"I noted," he says, "half unconsciously at the time many moving little dramas during one of the big attacks. In one instance there were a number of calves and an elderly cow in a field where we had taken up a line of defence. Morning broke, and with it the usual eight o'clock Hun push. Things became extremely lively, yet the cow, despite bursting shells and the whizzing of bullets, did not seem much perturbed. She went on chewing the cud, and walked leisurely about the field. But the calves, with eyes wide open and nostrils dilated, were terrified. They scampered vainly to escape from this inexplicable earthquake which had come upon them. One had been wounded, either by a bit of shell or a bullet, and was bleeding. What eventually happened to this poor little family I do not know. I last saw the calves huddled together by a hedge, their noses touching as if they derived some sort of comfort in that way.

"It is the dogs, however, which enlist the men's sympathies more than anything else. On three occasions dogs attached themselves to us. Like frightened children they joined the ranks, coming from no one knows where, nestling down by the side of the men for warmth and protection. Their piteous eyes seemed to ask, 'What does it all mean? What has happened to the world?' A big black mongrel came into our improvised trench late one afternoon. He had survived a terrible ten hours' bombardment of shell and gas, and sank down by my side utterly exhausted. His body became inert, and nothing, not even the tenderest bits of bully beef, would make him move. His brown eyes looked mournfully into mine as if longing to tell me something."—Romsey Advertiser, England.

It is needless to add that the kindness of the soldiers to dogs and even cats that have sought the companionship of mankind in their fright and trouble has been unailing. We have accounts of dogs that were wounded or exhausted being carried with the soldiers on ambulances, and

others that were sheltered and fed in tents and in trenches. The government has forbidden the use of dogs in the present conditions of battle but homeless dogs are now everywhere in the region of the war.

Thinks Zoos Rather Than Pets Could Be Spared to Save Food.

To the Editor of the News:

Sir—When reading the letters published lately in the News denouncing John Sola for calling all owners of dogs and cats traitors to their country, one cannot help asking, "Is such an assertion worthy of notice?" Yes and no. Yes, from the standpoint of humanitarianism in defense of the owners and our younger brothers, and no from the standpoint that our older brother is lacking in the principles which go to make up a being following in the footsteps of the Great Master who taught altruism or brotherhood, which means not only the Golden Rule, but that one thread of life runs through the entire universe.

Not getting away from the thought that Mr. Sola wishes to save food for starving humanity "over there," it is safe to say that most every owner of the creatures mentioned has and is doing his and her share toward helping the war sufferers and still has a little left to sustain life of domestic creatures at home. Instead of expounding his personal prejudices, which tend to poison the minds of others against the faithful dog and the needed cat, it would have been far better for the advancement of civilization if he had suggested doing away with all zoos and menageries, where hundreds of wild animals are kept in unnatural captivity, which was never intended to be by the Almighty. These unhappy creatures consume an enormous amount of food, costing many thousands of dollars yearly. Let the government or the owners of these creatures turn them into their native jungle or otherwise humanely dispose of them.

More lucrative and elevating business can be found to earn a living than through the misery of trained animals, which entails awful cruelties, let alone the economic side. Read Jack London's book on trained animals.

The whole matter resolves itself into the lack of humane education in childhood, when same is not

innate. The barbarity of which humanity is still capable furnishes abundant proof of the imperative need of said education, and this country should set the example of having it systematized in all schools. There should be no more question of giving a child a humane education than there is in teaching him to read.

Statistics have proven that nearly 100 per cent. of the criminals in our prisons never had a domestic pet in childhood.

Much more could be said on the subject, but space will not permit. With Mr. Carl J. Ahlstedt, I join in saying that I am thankful for the privilege of standing for the rights of, not mere animals (as "Reader" of South Orange stated), but God's own creatures. A well-known poet has written:

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak and reverence for life,
When by your laws, your actions and your speech
You contradict the very things I teach?"

E. L. CORDUAN.

Secretary Humane Society of New Jersey.

Foods for Dogs.

How absurd is all this talk about not being able to keep dogs, on account of the cost. A west side hotel advertises that no more food—not even bones—can be sold for dog food, as everything must be used for soup. What is done with the meat and vegetables after the soup is made? Do we then get it in hash and croquettes? And what is done with the bones? Say the bones are used for six or seven months; couldn't the dogs have them then? Or are the same bones used year in and year out? I have four French bulldogs, and unless one is sick and needs special food, they cost me nothing. There are always scraps and leftover bits of cereal or vegetables. They get the soup meat and bones, scraps from plates, and odd bits no longer wanted. The crusts cut from bread before toasting and other bread scraps are hardened in the oven and broken into bits, thereby serving as dog biscuits. To be sure, one occasionally needs dried bread for bread crumbs, and stale bread is good for pudding, but no one wants bread pudding every day, and the leftovers are more useful to the dog than to the garbage pail. Dogs are fond of fish and fish skin (but the bones must be carefully removed), and

chicken skin, shredded, adds variety to their dishes.

Even before the war I bought very little meat for my dogs (occasionally a pound of chopped round or a bit of liver), as there is always the soup meat, the tag end of steak, the hard end of a chop, scraps of meat and fish on the plates.

Rice, spaghetti, noodles and all green vegetables are good for dogs, especially spinach, but must be mixed with meat or fish, or have a little gravy poured over them.

It is said the best friend one can have is a bank account. Certainly the next best is a dog. He will protect you to the death, is frantic with joy when you enter the house, is never moody, cross or fickle, a stanch friend to the end.—MARIE ST. F., Bar Harbor, Me., August 29, 1918. In the New York Herald.

Trained Animals.

People will not tolerate public cruelties. But when they patronize exhibitions of trained animals, they reward with applause and money the private cruelties and torments inflicted by trainers upon their victims. It is part of the performance to display kindness to animals, and to have the animals appear to love their masters. These are business necessities.

What the public should know is that animals are trained by pain and excruciating torture, short and sharp, repeated and prolonged, according to diabolical ingenuity. Trainers use spears, forks, crowbars, heated irons, burning torches, and explosive fireworks. Lashed or hanged into submission, with a dozen strong men and ropes pitted against one victim, he must learn the language of the whip and prod, or die, and sometimes he dies trying to learn.

A book of instruction for trainers tells the performer to find out what is the most tender part of the animal selected for "education," in order to strike or spear that part in training. If it is the nose, the animal is attacked in the nose or dragged by the nose. If it is the back, that part is hurt until the animal will dodge in any given direction to dodge the hurt. In the case of elephants, the feet are extremely sensitive. Therefore the training of elephants is accompanied by hurting the feet.

The only two vulnerable parts of the anatomy of the exhibitor of trained animals are his vanity and his pocket. His pocket can be hurt by people's staying away from his so-called entertainment. His reputation can be hurt by people's leaving immediately when a trained animal act is put on. Upon his popularity depends his profit, so walking out hits both vulnerable spots.

There is an organized movement to show public disapproval of shows of trained animals. People are advised to walk out of the hall or theatre when performing animals are brought on the stage, and when pictures of such acts are thrown on the screen, and to stay out till the conclusion of the act.

There are no dues in the club. If the local humane society has not yet taken up the new plan, anyone may join by signing the name on a postal card and mailing it to The Jack London Club, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Our Boys in England.

The Romsey Advertiser published the following letter in the spring which was sent to the Editor of that paper by a resident of Romsey whose name has frequently appeared in OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS. Mrs. Florence Suckling, wife of Captain Suckling, a retired naval officer, has been for years a zealous worker for our fourfooted friends, writing stories, plays, articles for different papers and magazines which have been widely quoted, also conducting a Band of Mercy in Romsey for so many years that some of her boys in the Band have grown up and are now in the army.

Mrs. Suckling has a beautiful residence where horses, dogs, and all animal life are a part of her life, and to this home, surrounded by gardens and hedges she has invited our homesick boys and given them happy hours they will never forget.

Her kindness to them is one more proof that they who have a compassionate heart for the speechless animals, are always ready and anxious to give comfort and happiness to human beings.

OUR VISITORS.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleading on behalf of our American Allies and guests now encamped in and around Romsey.

I have had several chats with some of these patriotic and gentlemanly fellows, and I notice they feel very keenly the loss of the associations of their home life. The excitement of the voyage and the landing in a strange country have worn off and the re-action has now set in. It is only a few weeks since they were with their dear ones at home. Many have never left home before, especially the younger ones. When we are told of the terrible scenes of depression which are constantly occurring in the British army amongst even old campaigners out in France (after returning from leave), I think we should endeavour to make them feel that "Some one cares for them in Romsey." I would suggest that the householders of Romsey get in touch with the men by getting in conversation with one or as many as they can entertain and invite them to spend some of their spare time with them, make them feel at home, and some refuge from the monotonous routine of camp life and the tramping of the streets. Let our guests feel they have a "home from home" some homely friends to appeal to in times of depression and trouble. Many Romsey folks adopted some of the Australian boys for the period of the war, and I am sure have been more than repaid by the appreciation shown and the grateful letters from parents and friends from overseas. Some of the Americans that I have met here in Romsey are the direct descendants of those glorious "stalwarts of liberty" who left our shores in the "Mayflower" from Southampton some 300 years ago, so that we already owe much to these who are of our own race. I hope to see during the coming week every householder in Romsey trying to make these lads feel at home and cheer them up. There have been I am told some pathetic scenes amongst the younger lads of late. They are all volunteers and keen men under very strict discipline. Come Romsonians, show our Atlantic friends there are true hearts in England.—I am, yours,
ONE WHO APPRECIATES THEM.

A Letter.

Written home by a first lieutenant of the American Red Cross, showing what our boys "Over There" do besides fighting:

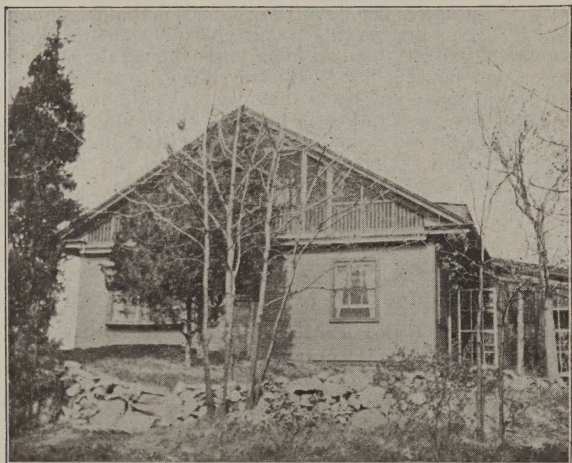
A wounded dog came into our outpost here, about ten days ago. He limped in on three legs about 6 p. m. with a shrapnel wound in his right fore leg about three inches long and open to the bone. I immediately started to get busy in his behalf but I found all the men there as much interested in him as I. One got hot water, another antiseptic gauze and a third iodine.

He knew we wanted to help him. I talked to him and kept my hands around his jaws so he could not bite and another chap cleansed and bandaged it and then the old dog wagged his tail in good shape. We put him on a mattress in the tent and gave him some water, for he was very thirsty. In the morning I went into the tent and found him still there. We redressed the wound and then examined him carefully, found the cushions (or pads) of his left hind foot badly lacerated, one cut being one half inch long and three-fourths inch deep. We dressed that and then one of the boys got him some food. He

hadn't moved all night, so we put him on a blanket and carried him out into the sun. He hobbled about a bit then went back to bed.

That afternoon a couple of the boys coaxed him up to the barracks' tent and one of them gave him half his bed for three days and nights. Then he improved rapidly so he got about more each day, though spending a lot of time each day near a hot stove.

About three days ago he disappeared and to-day I ran across him up near the lines (fighting lines) from which place he was probably hobbling when he read (?) the American Red Cross sign, and decided to pay us a visit. I spoke to him, and he came up to me wagging his tail as though he really recognized me.



BUNGALOW NOTES

PINE RIDGE, October 13.—The walks around outside the bungalow are beautiful—and sad. Beautiful, because the woods are putting on their most gorgeous dress, and the world outside the cities is a vast flower garden. Sad, because the shooting season has begun and there is not much pleasure in gazing at a glowing mass of color in the trees, shrubs and fields while all the time there is a popping of guns and you know that the innocent, happy creatures in those woods and fields are being wounded and killed, not because

they are in the way or doing any harm but for "sport."

I found a dead robin lying in a pathway of our little garden cemetery which has just a narrow lane between it and the woods where I hear the shooting day after day. The bird had been wounded but had managed to fly the short distance across the lane to our "bird sanctuary." Then he fell dead.

I felt sure the men and boys were shooting robins, for I had seen a flock of robins the day before on our grounds and had bid them welcome, though they took the last of our grapes. The pheasants were killed long ago, before the shooting season began. There are a few squirrels and a few crows left, and it is possible some of the shots were aimed at these, but the robins came in a flock and after the shooting scarcely one was to be seen. This fact, and the dead robin, seem proof enough to me what the shots meant.

Some of the boys in the school near me have air guns, I was told today. I had hoped that the earnest appeals I have made in that school might have been of some avail, but one or two visits a year amount to but little unless the teachers and parents also take pains to keep up the instruction in kindness.

Of what use is it to the world to give the children the most careful instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and leave them wholly without moral teaching? It is character that counts. A man may have the most expensive education; he may be a military officer of high standing, a professional man, a banker, or merchant, yet if he is without any pity, and tenderness of heart, he can make earth a hell for those he has power to hurt. Has not this wicked and cruel war taught us the horrors, the terrible crimes that men of education **can** be guilty of? Suppose the men who have been committing these crimes of cruelty to their fellow creatures had been taught by their teachers, their parents, their clergymen, that it was one of the lowest and basest of crimes to be cruel; to hurt; to injure any living creature—would we not have had, at least, a civilized instead of a savage and barbarous war?

It is the terrible acts of cruelty in this war that have so deeply aroused all England, France,

and America to do everything possible to crush a nation that dealt in such cruelties. So again we repeat that the greatest need in the world is kindness, tenderness, pity, compassion, and it is time teachers and parents realized this.

It is interesting to notice how Nature can blend colors that we should not think of putting together. I sat on a bench under a tree and looked around me. There was a tree every leaf of which had turned to gold color, and, running over a rock at the foot of the tree, was the woodbine (Virginia creeper), a brilliant red. Red and yellow does not sound like a desirable combination of color, yet the beauty of the woods before me was bewildering in its combination of reds, yellows, greens and russet.

There is a kind of grass which turns red, and another kind that turns yellow, and these form large patches of color. A low shrub I saw when going through the country on the train between Newport and Boston was a wonderful shade of dark red and here and there this red carpet was broken into by a group of deep purple asters.

The late goldenrod is a particularly vivid yellow, and there is a white aster or silver-rod that, growing close beside it, gives a wonderful effect. The roadsides and fields are really more beautiful now than at any time during the year.

The frost has not yet killed the beauty of the gardens and the verbenas, geraniums, salvia, and heliotrope are full of buds. There is a magnificent display of dahlias and cosmos and some lovely late roses in a friend's garden, that I visited, but tomorrow a frost may come and all this life and beauty will be laid low. "In the midst of life we are in death."

A late boarder came to Pine Ridge this week. He is rather an old horse but his master has tried to make life as easy for him as he could with men and women calling upon him to hurry to catch trains. At first he could not be given all day freedom in the field or paddock because it was not safe to let him have an unlimited supply of green grass, but now he is allowed half a day and he seems to enjoy particularly making the acquaintance of some of the other horses. Horses enjoy each other's company.

Peter, our new dog, is very much interested in

the horses and donkeys. But I have to watch him carefully to keep him from getting under their feet. It never seems to occur to him that he might get stepped on. As a rule Peter minds what he is told, but there is one exception and that exception may get him into trouble some day.

When we go out for a walk about the place with Peter, wherever the other dogs happen to be they, or Max, at all events, find out we are walking and come leaping and bounding to join us. Then trouble begins. Peter tries to chase Max away. Max runs at the top of his speed (and a young English setter can get over the ground pretty fast), then Peter races after him, jumping up and biting at him as he runs. Sometimes Peter is nearly or quite knocked over by Max as he suddenly doubles in his tracks, but that only checks him for an instant. In vain I shout "Peter! Peter!" In vain I threaten or scold. Nothing stops him in his mad race after Max until Max tires of the fun and comes up to me and lays his handsome head against my hand, his very pink tongue lolling out of his very pink mouth, as if he were saying, "Now I have reached my goal and Peter can't touch me"; and Peter, panting and breathless, stands by and receives a scolding without showing the least consciousness of any wrong doing.

October 24.—I have been enjoying a great day at the bungalow, and with Peter only for my companion, a quiet walk in the woods. Although autumn winds have torn off many leaves, and the leaves rustle as we walk under the half dismantled trees, yet there are trees that have neither lost their leaves nor their splendor—trees of gold and trees entirely red—and the woods still hold the "glory" they have put on.

I have been reading again the wonderfully beautiful "Saturday Night Thoughts" in the Transcript of October 19. It is a poem in prose and is well worth cutting out and preserving. I thought of it today as I walked in the woods below the bungalow. I will finish these Bungalow Notes with a quotation from this clipping which lies on my desk. October, and the perfect beauty of foliage is over for this year, but even in November the oak trees hold their crimson and russet leaves. There is a carpet of many colors in the fields, some of the maples show branches

still brilliant in shades of gold, and the glory of autumn lingers.

"Have we not wondered, all of us," says the writer, "at the fleeting quality of the highest beauty which earth has to show? It hardly comes ere it is gone again. Over the surface of our minds what gleams of thought come flitting like the shadow of white clouds upon the lake. How soon a long expected joy grows stale and wearying. How hard we work to bring the life back to our fading flowers. What bitterness of regret even for old illusions which are dead or dying, and for which we know there can be no resurrection. How the shadow of a wintry death sweeps down upon our brightest hopes and fondest expectations. We cannot even stop to enjoy the beauty of the passing hour because of our forebodings.

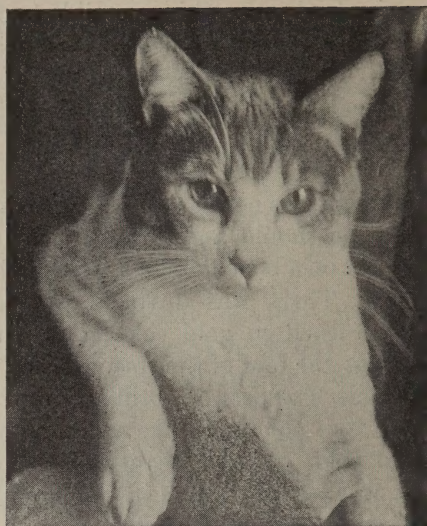
"Not so does October speak to our hearts in the fair hours of her most delightful day. She has a word of hope and expectation even in her manifest farewells. She bids us mark what she can do, what gifts she carries; and then she tells us that this is not the emptying of her horn, the finished picture which she can paint, and paint but once, to show us. Other Octobers come to crown the year with beauty. The joy of our enjoyments is that they are gifts along the way. There are other and perhaps far better gifts beyond. The heart of our enjoyments rests in the dear thought that neither God nor we are exhausted in his happiest offerings. For the best gift of God, the final requisite of all earth's beauty, is the power of appreciation and the forward-looking grace of our expectancy."

A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

A Good Mother.

One day a forlorn little cat came slipping into the warehouse of a wholesale grocery company in Kansas City. She was sooty and shabby and thin and very much afraid. She crept about from one hiding place to the other, finally disappearing for a while only to reappear with a limp rat hanging from her mouth. After that she



came every day and never failed to catch and carry away a rat.

From the warehouse word of her doings went to the office, reaching even the little private office of the "Boss" and from him "who must be obeyed" came an order—"That cat is not to be teased or frightened—she is all right; she is loyal. She is conserving more Food than ten like her would eat. She is to be fed and encouraged. I am O. King an expense account for her."

This order hardly got around the house until Mrs. Cat appeared with a plump kitten carried by the neck. She placed it on the floor to take a long breath, and looked about to see how it was received. It was a pretty, well fed little thing, in striking contrast to the mother. Fearless and cheerful too, catching at the sunshine and running after the mother cat's tail. Before the end of the day the cat had brought five kittens. Now the Big Boss extended his order to cover them, emphasizing it with—"We won't have any Hun tricks around here—see that those cats are taken care of, and I guess there are some women that could learn a needed lesson from the way that cat forgot herself and took care of her family under difficulties and in the face of danger."—H. H. JACOBS, Kansas City, Kansas.

YORK HARBOR, MAINE, August 7, 1918.

Replying to your card asking about dog 2155 I am glad to tell you Binkie is very satisfactory, and more than contented. He adores my household and owns the house.—Yours truly, E. A. P.

A Reformed Minister.

I once read this charming story of a wild bird, that proves their high intelligence. A sporting minister (shame to such) in this country, once saw a flock of wild ducks in the sky, coming near him. He went in for his gun, and shot into them, wounding one in the wing, which fell in his yard. It was so beautiful and helpless, he hadn't the heart to kill it, so let it live. It soon got well and made its home in his garden. It followed him about like a dog, wherever he walked, and would stop when he did, then go on when his reverend friend went on, and always behind him. He lived thus for years and then died a natural death. The minister declared he could never again have the heart to kill such intelligent and friendly creatures. Would that all men could be thus converted.—M. C. J.

The little sky terrier, Rags, which we took from you in October, is a much loved member of our family and I do not know how we could get on without him. He is perfectly well, has not been ill at all since he came and he seems entirely contented. We found him to be thoroughly trained and house broken, and have had nothing but pleasure with him. His devotion to me is simply wonderful,—he follows me everywhere and sleeps on my bed at night.—S. H. R.

**A Faithful Friend.**

"When it comes right down to intelligence, all dumb animals have something that seems to me to be more than mere instinct," said John E. Dearth, field agent of Worcester county farm bureau, one afternoon recently, to a little group of interested visitors.

"On one of my recent trips to Princeton,"

continued Mr. Dearth, "I had a fine opportunity to note an instance of intelligence, sympathy, affection and clever understanding on the part of a dog.

"A Princeton man who is fond of horses and dogs, owns a finely bred hunting dog and he missed him for several days. He made inquiries all around but no person, it appeared, had seen anything of the animal, and after a week the owner gave him up as lost, strayed or stolen. One of the farmhands was rambling through a chopped off woodlot a few days ago and came upon the dog caught in a steel trap that somebody set to trap a skunk or some other game. Both forepaws were held in the jaws of the trap and the dog could not escape.

"But, in spite of his terrible predicament, he was not emaciated, and although in pain, he had not gnawed his forelegs as many animals will do when they are in the torture of a steel trap. Strangest of all, scattered all around the trapped dog were bones, scraps of meat and various other things that dogs like and the creature looked as if he had not suffered for food. Several ham bones and beef bones with shreds of meat clinging, were right there under the captive's nose and he was chewing a bone when the farmer discovered his plight.

"The trapped dog was carried home in the arms of the man who found him and then, a little later, the owner went to the trap to see who or what brought those bones and scraps of dog food to the suffering captive. While he stood silently regarding the little heap of bones and scraps, another dog from his own kennels came through the brush with her jaws filled with chicken bones, meat trimmings and other gleanings from the kitchen garbage pail. The dog dropped her load close to the trap and sniffed around as if she were worried. She whined and whimpered when she decided that her friend was gone. The owner called her and she came slinking and trembling to him as if she expected to be punished.

"The way the owner tells the story would make a lump come into your throat. He patted the dog and fondled her and went with her to the trap and let her smell around it to her heart's content and all the while he kept calling her 'good old doggie, good dog,' until she seemed to under-

stand that her master was praising her and then her joy was unmistakable.

"Calling her after him he went back to the stable where the injured dog was licking his wounds and the kennel fellows were fixing him up. When the other dog saw the rescued animal she showed every indication of joy. She barked, capered around, wagged her tail almost off and then lent her own moist tongue to the healing process on her friend's sorely bruised paws. The two dogs seemed to understand one another and the way those two friends nuzzled together and expressed friendship was a revelation to the humans who looked on. That dog had been foraging all week for bones and food for the captive and no doubt she understood that she was helping him to live.

"There's another instance that I see very often myself of a dog's intelligence. Whenever I take the 8 o'clock train west on the Boston & Albany, mornings, I notice that the baggageman rolls a copy of The Telegram into a compact package, and when the train is shooting over Charlton hill, he throws the paper off at a cart road that crosses the track. A shaggy shepherd dog is always waiting there for that train, and he grabs The Telegram in his jaws, and with a whisk of his tail, gallops off up the road toward the farming region out back there somewhere. Asking the trainmen brought me the information that there is a widow living out there, and the train crew often throws off papers and magazines to the dog, who stands there waiting. Not all the trainmen know of the dog and his faithful quest for reading material, and the dog seems to know what trains to meet. He carries his Telegram every morning, the railroad men said, rain or shine, nearly a mile to the woman, who is waiting there for her only message from the outside world.

"Sometimes I wonder what her grief would be if anything happened to that loyal collie.

"No matter what some folks say to the contrary, dumb animals have a wonderful degree of intelligence and of affection, more than most people imagine. Horses and dogs have something that seems to me to be higher than mere instinct. There seems to be a high degree of understanding in many species of animals and fowls."

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES



SAUGUS, MASS.

I want to tell you how much we like the little dog you secured for us. We all appreciate your kindness. She is the cutest, dearest little thing, intelligent, and affectionate and is a good little watch dog. We all love her and wouldn't part with her.—Most sincerely, N. H.

During the month of October the League received 373 dogs; 2,275 cats; 16 birds; 4 rabbits; 57 horses. Ninety-nine dogs were placed in good homes and 12 restored to owners; 37 cats were placed in good homes, and 2 restored to owners. Fourteen horses were cared for at Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses and 57 horses unfit for work were purchased from their owners, who were poor men, and put to death.

Please note that our Annual Fair is to be held at the Vendome and not at the Copley-Plaza. We regret the necessity of making this change, which was done because of the need for economy. The Copley-Plaza is larger and gives more room for tables but the rent is much higher than at the Vendome. Perhaps, however, some of our

members will remember that the first Fair held by the League took place at the Vendome and was very successful as well as pleasant. The growth of interest in this Fair was such that we felt obliged to seek larger quarters, which was our only reason for leaving the Vendome which was perfectly satisfactory in every other way.

The Fair this year will have the usual number of tables, but we shall be obliged to separate in different rooms. We hope that this will make no difference to the success of the Fair or to the usual pleasant, social feeling that has always been a feature of it.

We also regret that we felt obliged to hold it at the same date as the Woman's Suffrage Fair, which is to be at the Copley-Plaza, but we could not change our date without much inconvenience and as the two hotels are so near each other it will be very little trouble for those who wish to attend both to cross Copley Square from one to the other.

Even in these days of restricted sugar almost any family can make a little saving for the sake of suffering animals and donate to our Fair one loaf of cake, or a plate of cookies, or a pound of candy—surely this is not much to ask, and we are hoping we shall be able to have a goodly supply of cake and candy in this way.

We have been so hampered in our work by the difficulty of procuring men to go after animals that we have not sent to the beaches yet, but hope to do so soon. We have an opportunity to get a woman agent who is well known by one of our directors for her zeal in gathering up homeless and diseased cats in the poorer tenement house districts. We want her but unless our Fair is a success we cannot afford at this time to hire another agent. Will not our friends, or, rather, the friends to animals, make an extra effort to enable us to engage this very humane woman for our work?

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON,
June 29, 1918.

We are in receipt of your card of June 25th, in regard to the tiger cat which we obtained from you on May 10th. The cat appears to be contented, and we are satisfied with him. We also find that he catches a great many mice.—Very truly yours, E. W. SHILLADY.

PASSACONAWAY INN, YORK CLIFFS, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. SMITH: I want to thank you for the lovely red ribbon you sent Jerry.* I shall let him wear it only on special occasions. I received the ribbon while we were eating breakfast and I tied it on Jerry to see how he would like it. He certainly did like it and I think he knew why he was wearing it because he immediately began frisking around. He sat up before everyone for a piece of potato or bread and shook hands all around. After breakfast I took the ribbon off, folded it, and laid it away. Some time later Jerry came to me with the ribbon in his mouth, laid it at my feet and jumped at me to put it on him again. You can see how much he likes it.

Jerry knows quite a few tricks. When he wants a drink he whines and jumps up at the sink. When the water is turned on he jumps into the bathtub and then up to the sink. When he wants to go out he gets his leash and brings it to one of us. At night at bedtime I tell him to get his pillow that he sleeps on. He brings it to a place outside of my door, shakes it and then curls up on it. He always shakes paws before he goes to sleep.

When we came here my mother wanted to put Jerry in the kennels while we were here but we all wanted to take him, so he came. The first night he slept in a stall full of nice hay. But he didn't like to stay alone so early in the morning he jumped over the top of the stall (about five feet high) and came back to the hotel. We thought this was pretty good for Jerry as he has very short legs.

Thanking you again for the ribbon.—Sincerely,
RUTH E. DAVIS.

Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, who has been for years an ardent humane worker in this country and in Europe, has recently published a book entitled "The Brighter Side of Animal and Bird Life," with a special view of educating old and young to a higher appreciation of these our "humble associates," and an understanding of what we owe them. The book may be had at the very reasonable price of fifty cents, though there is a more expensive edition for those who prefer it.

*The ribbon bow was sent to the dog Jerry because he saved the lives of his family by giving the alarm when a fire broke out in the house.

DEAR MRS. SMITH: Last summer my daughter brought up a tiny kitten from Maine and gave to a couple who were living with us for a time. It grew up here and was greatly beloved,—even the dogs tolerated him and he admired them. If the dogs went out he did. If they took a drink of water he had to imitate them, as he did in all things, and when time came for the couple to move into their home just two streets above us the great question arose as to whether Lilliput would remain with them. However, after fourteen months here, he went to reside in his new home. The next morning he remained there but after that he came back only for a call. He comes early in the morning and the cook rushes out to greet him. She writes a note and ties it on his neck telling him to go right home to his mother, and Lilliput goes at once. Each morning he comes over always walking up the driveway and returning by way of the garden. Yesterday he did not seem to wish to go home and sat around on the steps. Marie went out and said, "Lilliput, go home at once to your mother with that note." He looked up, and then made a dive through the garden; we heard afterwards he went directly home. When they go away for a few days he comes over to visit but when they are home he will never eat a meal at our house. One week Marie went to camp and the cat came in and went all over the house crying for her, and such wails when he found she was not home. He stood in the hall and looked up the two flights of stairs and just howled. When a note is tied to his neck he lies on his back with feet up in air seemingly asleep during the tying but he really seems to know he is doing a great thing. We call him the carrier pigeon.—R. O. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1918.

Enclosed you will find fifty cents in coin for which I would thank you to enter my subscription for OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS, the most excellent magazine edited by Mrs. Huntington Smith. I did not know such literature was in existence until recently when I was given several copies by the very able secretary of the Washington Animal Rescue League, Mrs. Smith. Wishing you untold blessings for the great and noble work you are doing for our dear fourfooted friends, I remain.—Yours very cordially, C. C. S.

Lesson of the War.

The feature of this world war which has been most condemned and which has aroused many people who are by nature opposed to fighting to a strong desire to help the allied armies in every possible way has been its cruelty.

We say that war is always cruel, but every one knows that in this war there have been cruel deeds done repeatedly that would put to shame a savage. The war has not been a fair fight. It has been carried on against old people, little children, hospitals, churches. The treatment of women and of prisoners has been unspeakable.

Seeing to what an extent men will go when they give themselves over to cruelty, and rejoice in hurting and torturing, as well as in killing their fellow creatures, is it not time that we who call ourselves a civilized and a Christian people took far greater pains to teach children to love Kindness and hate Cruelty?

Is it not time that parents and teachers realized the danger of allowing boys to find amusement in air guns, in trapping, in teasing and tormenting dogs and cats, in robbing birds' nests, in driving a tired old horse with a whip? For just as surely as children, whether boys or girls, are allowed to cause suffering to any living creature, or to be indifferent to suffering, just so surely will they grow up selfish and thoughtless and cruel and cause suffering to human beings.

"As a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Let us then begin the new era when the war has ceased with a determination to do everything in our power to live and to teach Kindness. Let us urge the children to *think*—to put themselves in the place of the one they are injuring and think—"How would *I* like to be treated this way?"

Do not do anything to others—man, woman, child, animal or bird, that you would not be willing to have done to you.

This is the only right and safe conduct of life.

A. H. S.

We have received the Eleventh Annual Report of the Berkshire Animal Rescue League, which was founded by Mrs. Franklin Couch in 1908. This League has gone on steadily winning the favor of all who believe that we owe some con-

sideration to the animals who serve us but cannot speak for themselves or claim their right to good treatment. The League has a membership of 820. The agent, Mr. Goodwin, has investigated nearly 2,000 cases during the year of which 1,009 were horses. Many of them were laid off for rest or treatment. A few were put to death, these being old, worn out and crippled. Ninety-eight drivers were reproved for driving or working horses unfit for service, or for cruelly treating or neglecting their horses. One hundred and ten head of cattle were attended to. Seven cows were taken from their owner and placed in the hands of a more humane person. One man was put in court and fined for cruelty to a cow. One hundred and thirty-five dogs were mercifully disposed of, while others were placed in good homes. Four hundred and fifty stray cats were put humanely to death, and homes were found for others.

The headquarters of the Berkshire Annual Rescue League is in Dalton and the work takes in Lenox, Pittsfield, Hinnsdale, Lee, and much of the territory in Western Massachusetts. Humane education is also an important part of the work, Mrs. Couch having for years been a zealous worker with children and in schools, speaking and giving away a great amount of humane literature.

Who's Who and Why.

Terrier, Fido J., son of Rover Terrier and Woofie Yorkshire; born in Squire McCormick's hay-barn, September 1, 1912; slew thirty-four woodchucks and seventeen rats, 1914-1915; moved to city and gained blue ribbon at dog show, March 6, 1915; rescued child from drowning in park lake, July 7, 1915; gave chase to and cornered kidnapper in same park, August 28, 1915; tore seat from trespassing hobo's trousers, November 6, 1915; discovered fire in basement of old folks' home and roused janitor, night of June 23, 1916; hung on to notorious second-story man till master could cover him with revolver, night of January 7, 1917; rescued Italian baby from burning tenement, June 9, 1917, led searches of outing party to children lost in heart of woods, July 24, 1917; joined Red Cross for war-relief service in France, October 5, 1917; killed in act of

succoring wounded American April 15, 1918.—From Life.

About Buffie.

In reply to your post-card of July 30th, it gives me great pleasure to tell you we find Buffie entirely satisfactory in every way. He is a great pet with every one in the sanitarium including the patients, whom he calls on almost every day. He never attempts to get onto the beds, but will jump up onto a chair or window sill, and curl himself up to sleep. Of course he has his favorite places, the couch in the waiting-room being one of them, where every one going in or out pets and talks to him, which he enjoys immensely. He seems to be perfectly contented, has a good appetite. He has filled out quite a good deal, and his coat is beautiful now, being clean and well cared for. He loves to go out of doors these hot days, but never attempts to run away, staying right around the hospital in his own yard.

As to whether it is rats or mice Buffie catches, I cannot say, for he never leaves any thing around to tell the tale. What he catches he must eat, but certainly the mice which had become quite a nuisance before we had Buffie, have disappeared almost entirely and it is very rarely that we ever see or hear one now. Evidently Buffie has worked silently but most effectually at night.

We are so glad that we have him and would not have anything happen to him for the world, and only hope he lives many years, so that we may keep on enjoying him.—R. J. Y., M. D.

A special attraction at the Animal Rescue League Fair will be the little dog "Buttons," whose advertisement is on page 15 of this paper. Buttons' mistress is going to bring him to the Fair to see what he can do to help our fourfooted friends.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF BIRD AND ANIMAL LIFE By Mrs. H. C. Reynolds.

A new book on Humane Education of interest and value. Plain Cloth 50 cents, post paid. Plain Cloth in French 60 cents, post paid. Silk Cloth, illustrated and interleaved \$1.00. Silk Cloth, illustrated and interleaved; in French \$1.25. Especially favorable terms to humanitarians who will join the publishers in distributing the book.

HUMANE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1223 K Street, N. W.

Washington, D. C.



BOOKS IN HYGIENE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Boys and Girls of Garden City

By JEAN DAWSON, Department of Sanitation
Board of Health, Cleveland, Ohio

A GROUP OF CHILDREN engage in community housecleaning. They organize most efficiently, and in the course of a very lively and entertaining campaign they rid their city of filth, and, with the filth, of flies, mosquitoes, and much contagious disease. In the process they learn a deal about sanitation, disease prevention, hygiene, and civic betterment, and develop a fine sense of civic pride.

This story, copiously illustrated from photographs, furnishes extremely interesting and instructive supplementary reading for boys and girls in the upper grammar grades, and also for Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls.

The Two-Book Gulick Hygiene Series

Health and Safety

Physiology, Hygiene, and Sanitation

A thorough and interesting treatment of the care of the body, the vital organs at work, sanitation, accidents and emergencies, and bacteria. The treatment of alcohol and tobacco, calm, simple, free from hysteria and denunciation, is one of the most telling indictments ever planned. Throughout the series a strong appeal is made to the child's interest and reason by utilizing his inevitable desire for physical perfection.

GINN AND COMPANY

15 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.



Give Us

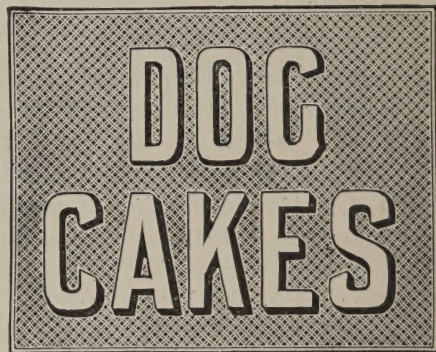
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread

IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Keeps Them Healthy—
Breath Sweet and Clean

INSIST ON

SPRATT'S



FOR YOUR DOG'S SAKE

Write for samples and send 2c stamp for
"DOG CULTURE."

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED

Newark, N. J.; San Francisco; St. Louis; Cleveland;
Montreal. Factory also in London, England.

The Automatic Electric Cage

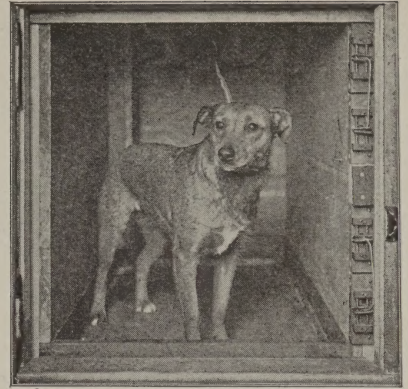
The Standard Scientific Method for the Humane, Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals.

Commended by the highest authorities. Now used by nearly thirty leading humane societies in this and foreign countries. For full particulars address

THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.



THE BOSTON ECHO CATTERY

HOME OF THE PERSIAN, ANGORA AND SHORT HAIR CATS AND KITTENS

Beautiful thoroughbreds for breeding (pedigreed) and for pets for sale

Telephone Brighton 1308 M

WINTER BOARD FOR CATS

Lexington Cattery

Cats will not be kept in the Cattery during the cold weather but in the house with the family, enjoying all the freedom of a home. An enclosed piazza affords air and exercise.

MISS M. E. PLUMER,

Tel. Lex. 564-W.

Lexington, Mass.

Pussywillow House

The ideal vacation home for pet dogs and cats, situated on hill just outside of READING, MASS. Forty-five minutes by automobile, 22 minutes by express trains from Boston. The limited number of "guests" will be received at North Station, Boston or Reading depot, if desired. MISS M. P. FROST. Telephone Stoneham 164-W.

FRANK J. SULLIVAN, M.D.V.

FREE CLINIC

for

ALL ANIMALS

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston. Tel. Beach 244.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 CARVER STREET

Telephone Beach 244

Office Hours: 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. Daily

Fifty-Eighth Year
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
UNDERTAKERS

2326 and 2328 Washington St., Adjoining Dudley St. Elevated Station
Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
CHAPEL. Extensive Salesrooms. City and Out of Town Service. Carriage and Motor Equipment

The Story of a Dog "Buttons Bit"



Copies of this story and picture as printed in this magazine last month may be purchased, and orders sent by mail. Price 10 cents. A pleasant greeting to send the soldiers or your friends.

C. W. THOMPSON & CO., - Music Dealers
2B Park St., Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

Incorporated March 13, 1899

A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts.

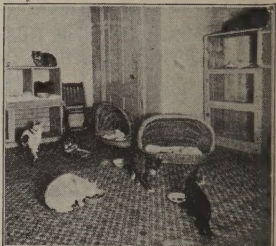


Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVE.	
NORTH END	39 NORTH BENNET STREET	
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET	
CAMBRIDGE	79 MOORE STREET	
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET	
WEST LYNN	36 STICKNEY STREET	
Population of cities and towns served	1,750,000	
Animals received in 1917	41,550	
Animals brought in by visitors	8,899	
Copies of humane literature distributed	66,585	
Visitors received	30,000	



THREE MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND
TWELVE AGENTS } are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1917	21,096
Number of animals collected	31,954

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 17 years in charge of the League Veterinarian

DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN

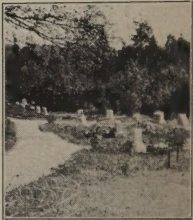
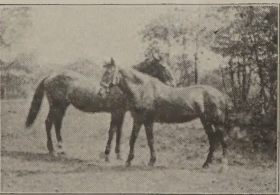
Number of animals treated	92,175
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1917	11,750
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1917	425
Number of horses humanely killed, 1917	649
Number of horses given vacations	52



PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME
OF REST FOR HORSES
238 Pine Street, Dedham

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL
ANIMALS, 238 Pine Street, Dedham



For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, The Animal Rescue League depends wholly on membership fees, gifts and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to

Mrs. Huntington Smith, Pres., or F. J. Bradlee, Treas., 51 Carver St., Boston